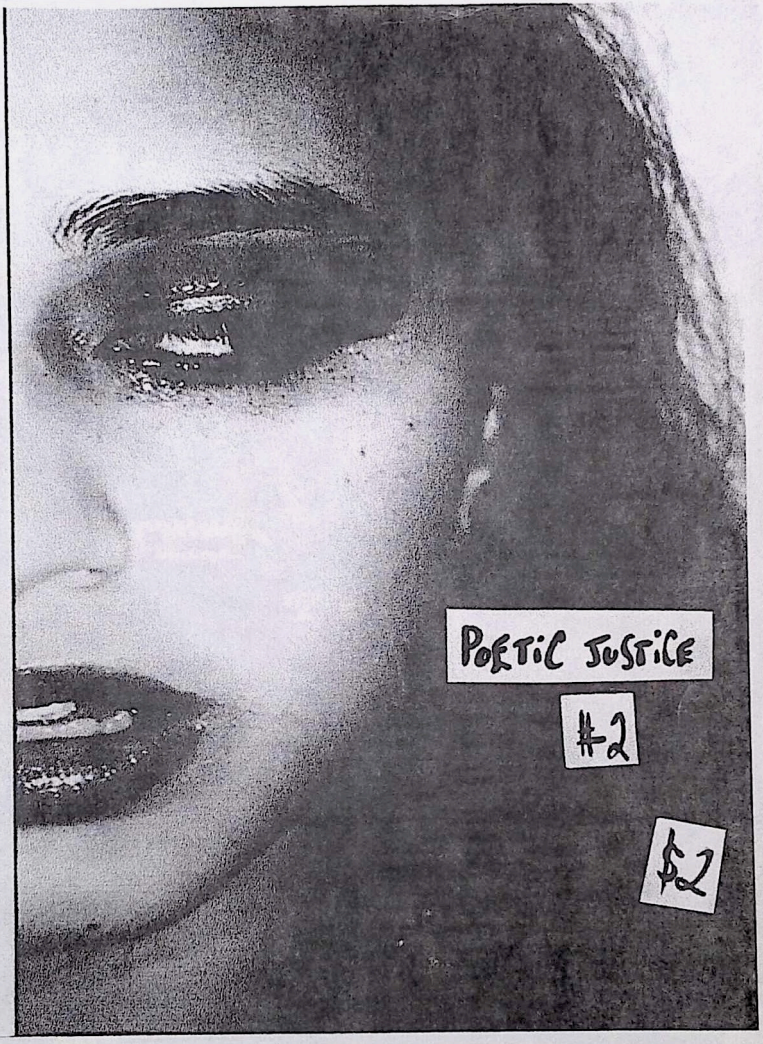
POETIC JUSTICE
#2
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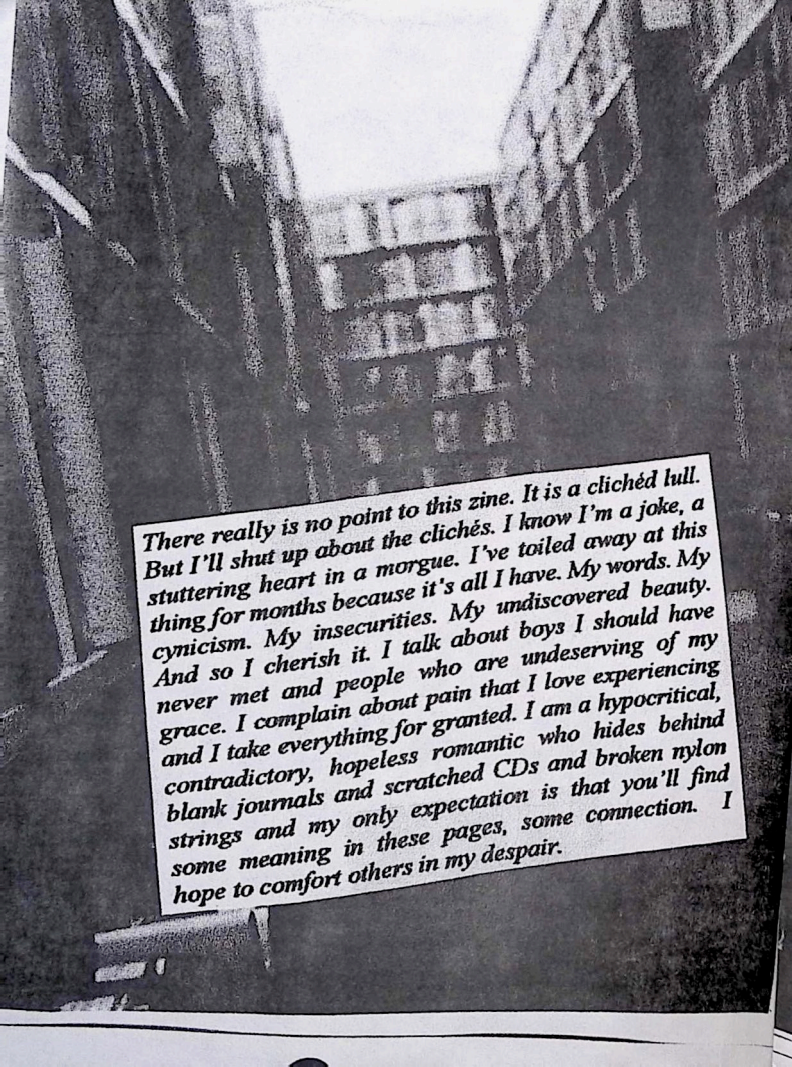
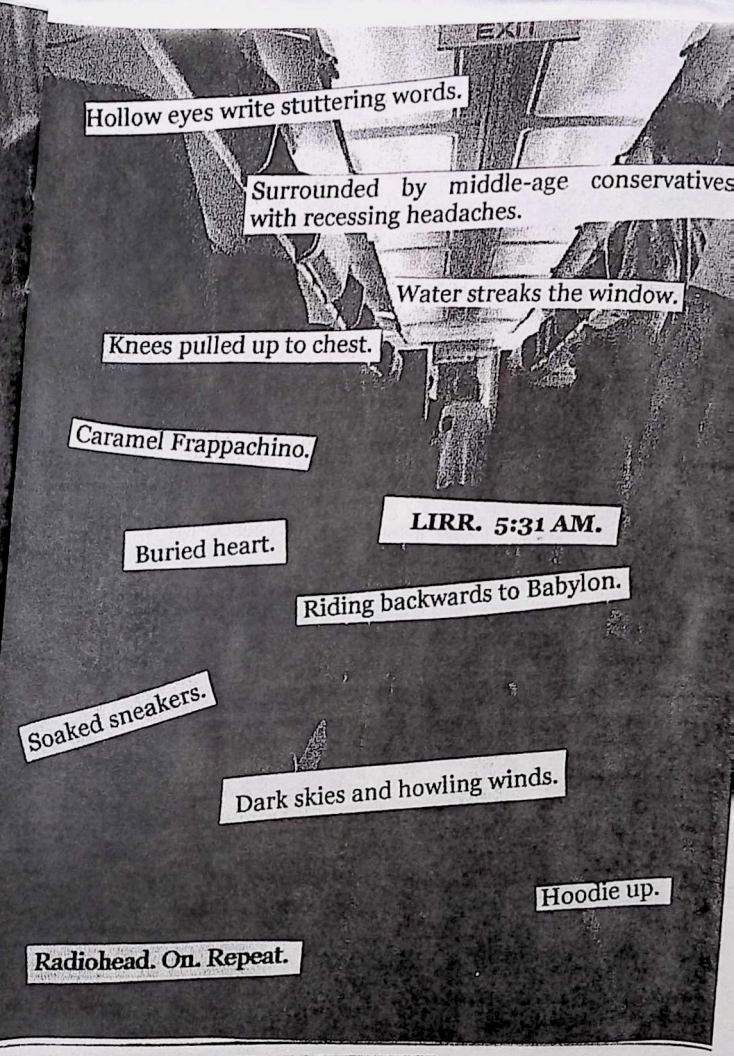


There really is no point to this zine. It is a clichéd lull. But I'll shut up about the clichés. I know I'm a joke, a stuttering heart in a morgue. I've toiled away at this thing for months because it's all I have. My words. My cynicism. My insecurities. My undiscovered beauty. And so I cherish it. I talk about boys I should have never met and people who are undeserving of my grace. I complain about pain that I love experiencing and I take everything for granted. I am a hypocritical, contradictory, hopeless romantic who hides behind blank journals and scratched CDs and broken nylon strings and my only expectation is that you'll find some meaning in these pages, some connection. I hope to comfort others in my despair.

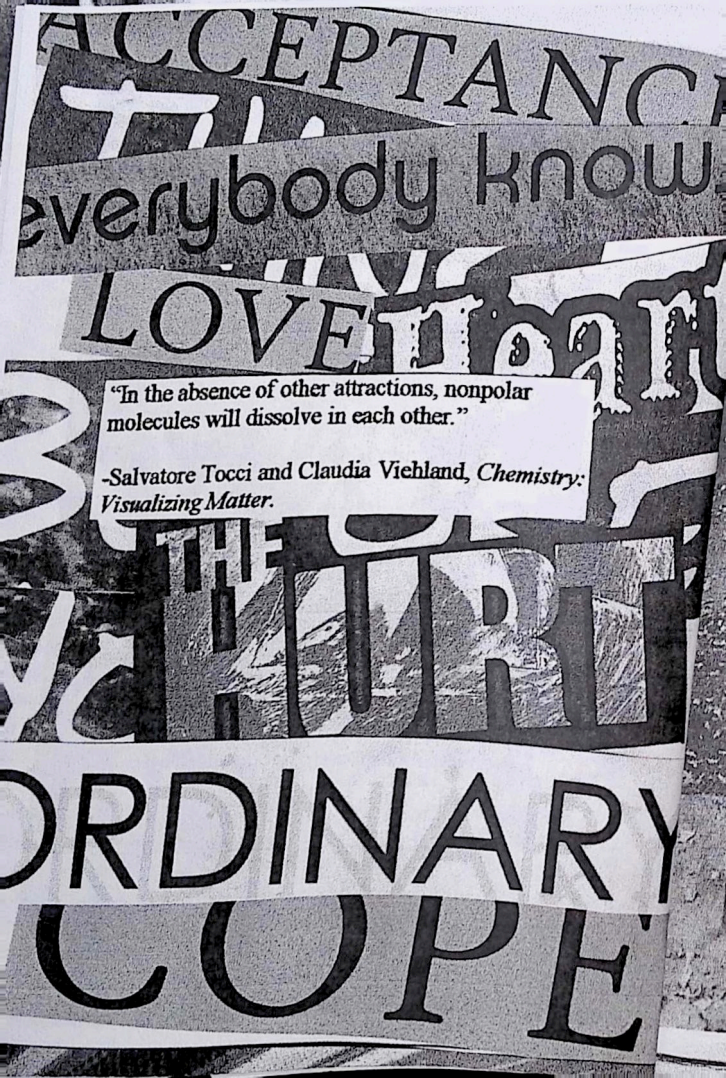

Hollow eyes write stuttering words.
Surrounded by middle-age conservatives with recessing headaches.
Water streaks the window.
Knees pulled up to chest.
Caramel Frappachino.
LIRR. 5:31 AM.
Buried heart.
Riding backwards to Babylon.
Soaked sneakers.
Dark skies and howling winds.
Hoodie up.
Radiohead. On. Repeat.

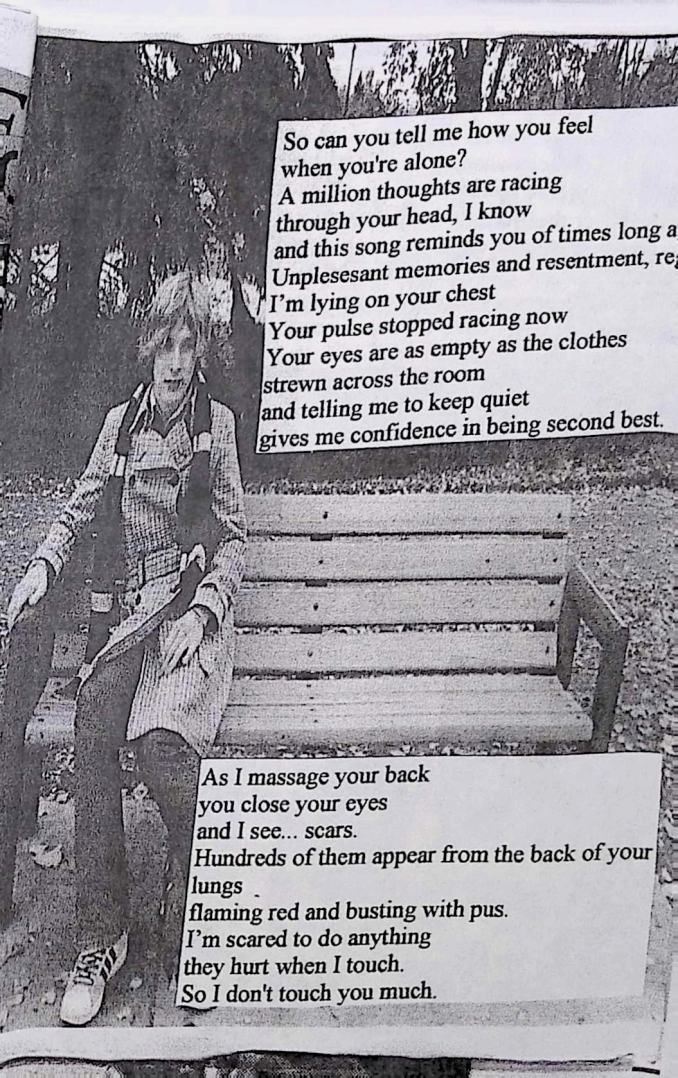
We don't work the way others would like. So I smile
and you sigh
and I keep your lies my best kept secrets.
My cries are now just a lonely habit and my
eyes are void of any passion and I can't make you hold me but
I can try.

You could change for me but you
don't care to. I'll never get over my
fear of wanting you. I only listen to the facts that
I want to.
Cue the sugar-coated truth, because we're full of:
false hopes and desperate wishes.
Romance and deception.
Dull eyes and trained smiles.
Temptation and desire.

You're dancing circles around me and why do I
want you
to
pull me in.
Pull me in pull me in pull me in!
I wish you'd dye your hair or wear eyeliner.
When you shield your insides, you're not allowed
to bear it
all on the outside.
Cover up a little, I don't want
to see you smile.

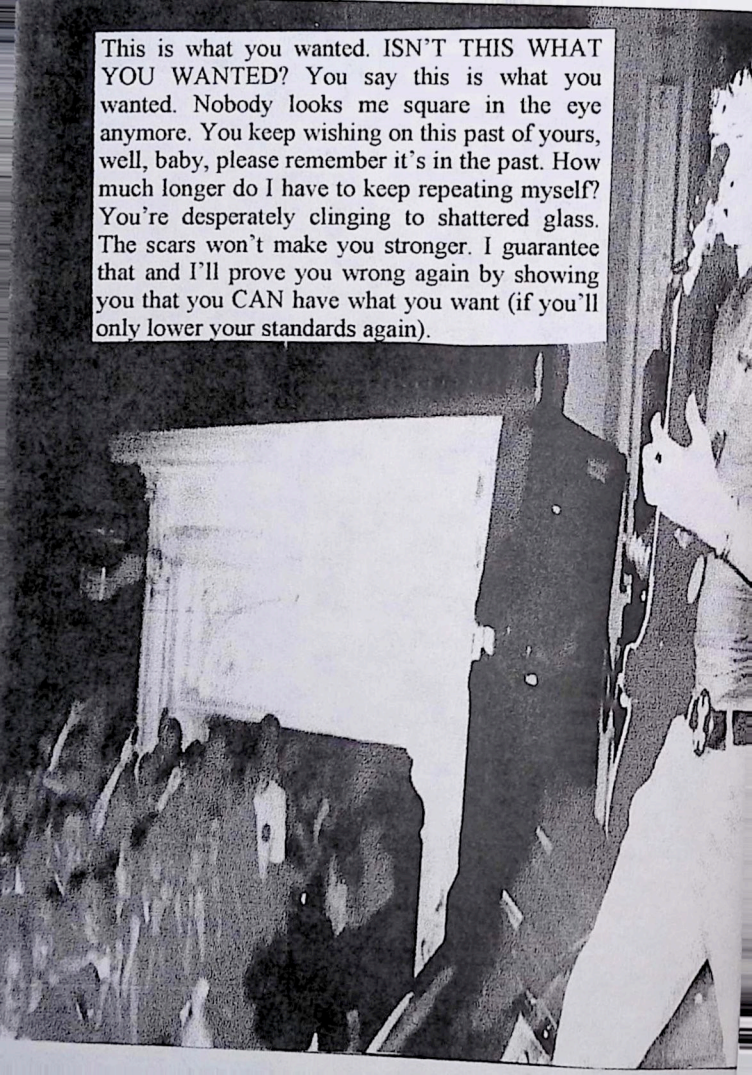
"And your words a week later could have killed."

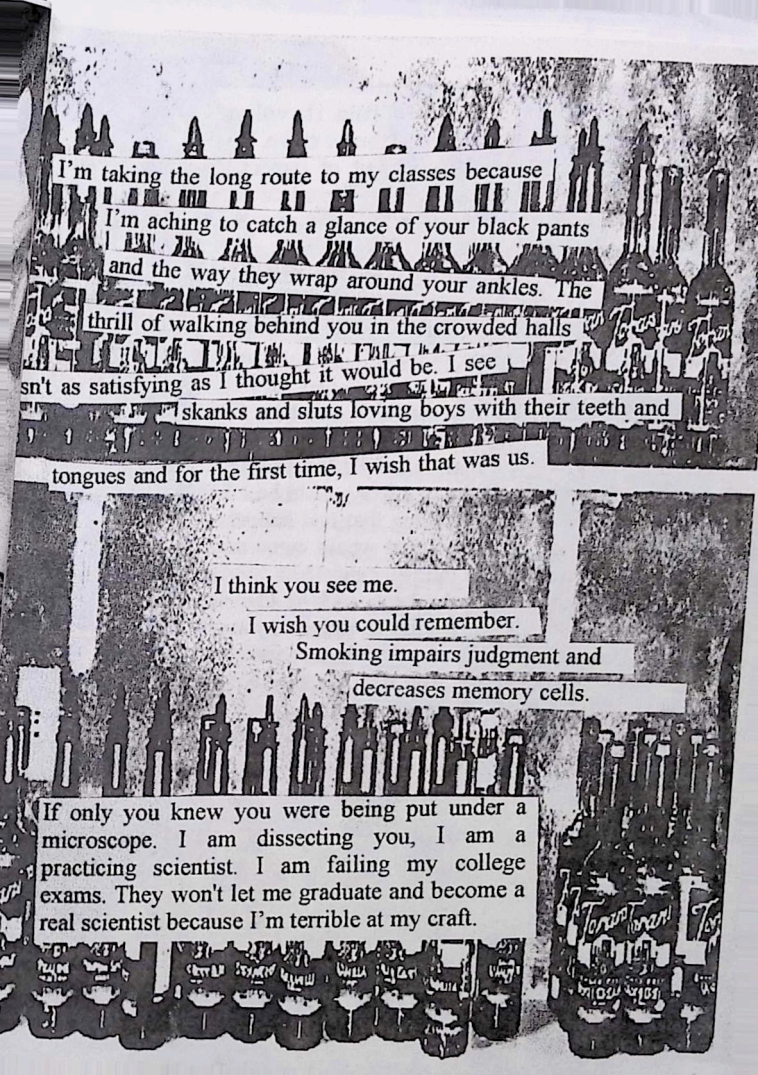

ACCEPTANC
everybody know
LOVE
"In the absence of other attractions, nonpolar molecules will dissolve in each other."
-Salvatore Tocci and Claudia Viehland, *Chemistry: Visualizing Matter.*
THE
ORDINARY
COPE



So can you tell me how you feel
when you're alone?
A million thoughts are racing
through your head, I know
and this song reminds you of times long a
Unplesesant memories and resentment, re
I'm lying on your chest
Your pulse stopped racing now
Your eyes are as empty as the clothes
strewn across the room
and telling me to keep quiet
gives me confidence in being second best.

As I massage your back
you close your eyes
and I see... scars.
Hundreds of them appear from the back of your
lungs
flaming red and busting with pus.
I'm scared to do anything
they hurt when I touch.
So I don't touch you much.

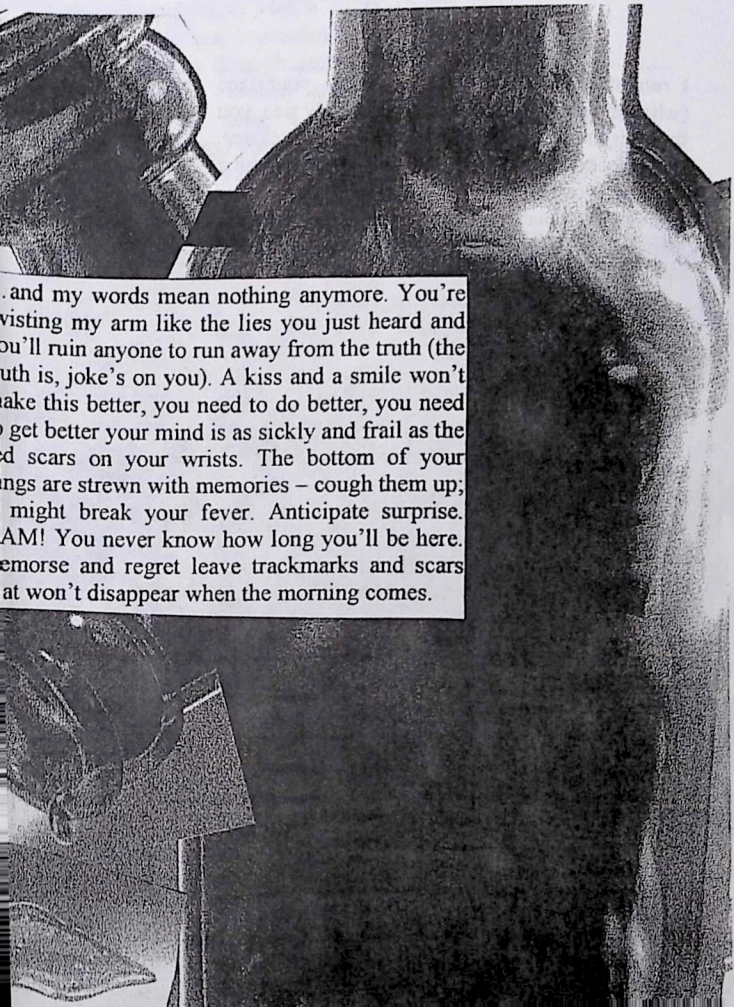

This is what you wanted. ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU WANTED? You say this is what you wanted. Nobody looks me square in the eye anymore. You keep wishing on this past of yours, well, baby, please remember it's in the past. How much longer do I have to keep repeating myself? You're desperately clinging to shattered glass. The scars won't make you stronger. I guarantee that and I'll prove you wrong again by showing you that you CAN have what you want (if you'll only lower your standards again).


I'm taking the long route to my classes because
I'm aching to catch a glance of your black pants
and the way they wrap around your ankles. The
thrill of walking behind you in the crowded halls
sn't as satisfying as I thought it would be. I see
skanks and sluts loving boys with their teeth and
tongues and for the first time, I wish that was us.
I think you see me.
I wish you could remember.
Smoking impairs judgment and
decreases memory cells.
If only you knew you were being put under a microscope. I am dissecting you, I am a practicing scientist. I am failing my college exams. They won't let me graduate and become a real scientist because I'm terrible at my craft.

I have a friend, he's mostly made of pain. He wakes up, drives to work and straight back home again. He once cut one of my nightmares out of paper. I thought it was beautiful, I put it on a record cover. And I tried to tell him that he had a sense of color and composition so magnificent. And he said, "Thank you, please, but your flattery, it is truly not becoming me. Your eyes are poor, you're blind, you see. No beauty ever could have come from me. I'm a waste of breath, of space, of time."

I knew a woman. She was dignified and true. Her love for her man was one of her many virtues. Until one day she found out that he had lied and decided the rest of her life from that point on would be a lie. She was grateful for everything that had happened and she was anxious for all that would come next. But then she wept. What did you expect? In that big old house with the car she kept, such is life, she often said. With one day leading to the next, you get a little closer to your death. Which was fine with her, she never got upset. And with all the days she may have left, she would never clean another mess, or fold his shirts, or look her best. She was free to waste away alone.

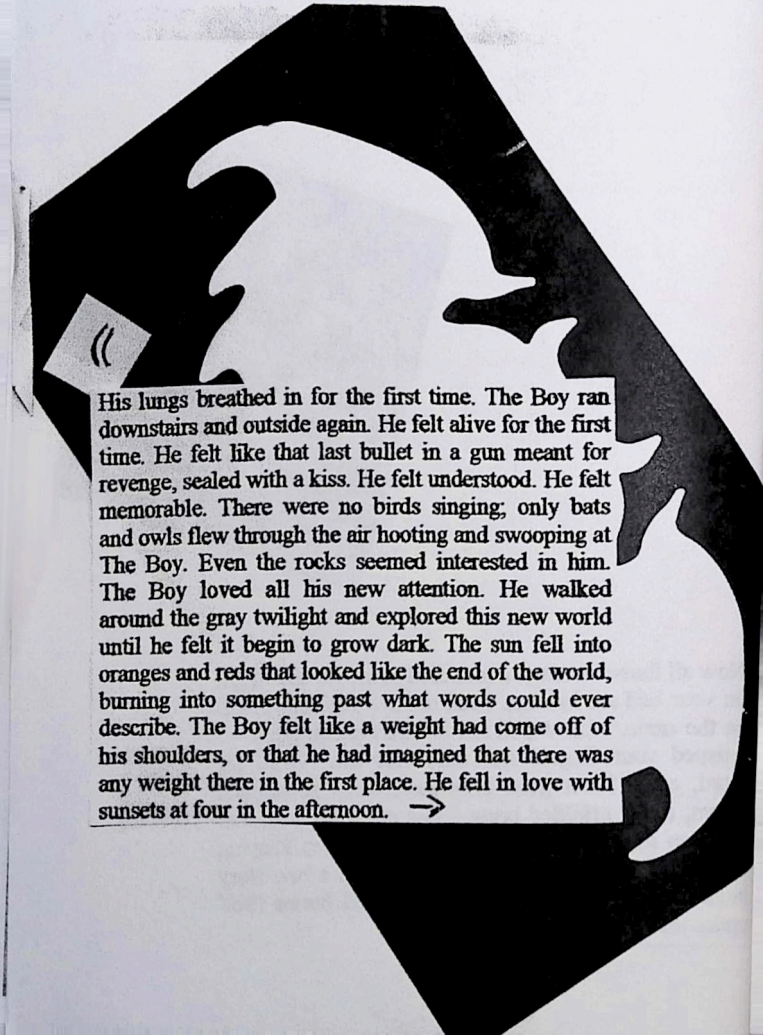
-Conor Oberst.


. and my words mean nothing anymore. You're
visting my arm like the lies you just heard and
ou'll ruin anyone to run away from the truth (the
uth is, joke's on you). A kiss and a smile won't
ake this better, you need to do better, you need
get better your mind is as sickly and frail as the
d scars on your wrists. The bottom of your
ngs are strewn with memories – cough them up;
might break your fever. Anticipate surprise.
AM! You never know how long you'll be here.
emorse and regret leave trackmarks and scars
at won't disappear when the morning comes.

I remember the look of... of beauty your face (what a handsome face). I could only see you through the moonlight. We were in the backseat, on opposite sides of the car. You were slouching because you're so tall. The grin on your face is/was untouchable. We were caught. You kept hitting my foot as I hit yours back. Your knee shook with every move. Your teeth flashed in the glimpses of light(but you hardly ever smile). You stared me down when I would look away.

This is your purest moment.

With silence I stand with a smirk on my face. And oh, your condescending smile never gets old. I'm picking through your heart to find the shattered pieces, broken and bruised in the bottom of your lung. I hope I meet your expectations I hope you know how much I care. Shrugged shoulders do me no justice, I miss you so much.



His lungs breathed in for the first time. The Boy ran downstairs and outside again. He felt alive for the first time. He felt like that last bullet in a gun meant for revenge, sealed with a kiss. He felt understood. He felt memorable. There were no birds singing; only bats and owls flew through the air hooting and swooping at The Boy. Even the rocks seemed interested in him. The Boy loved all his new attention. He walked around the gray twilight and explored this new world until he felt it begin to grow dark. The sun fell into oranges and reds that looked like the end of the world, burning into something past what words could ever describe. The Boy felt like a weight had come off of his shoulders, or that he had imagined that there was any weight there in the first place. He fell in love with sunsets at four in the afternoon. →

As The Boy walked into the house he felt himself becoming heavier with every step. He also noticed the sun was peeking around the overhanging clouds, as though he hadn't noticed it all day. He began to feel stupid and forgettable again. He looked down at the stem as it began to wither. The Boy began to panic. He ran back to the bathroom retracing his steps. He was losing his world, trying desperately to hold on. He looked down at the floor and saw dark black tablets lying in an open bottle on the floor. That must be it, The Boy thought. The pills. He picked one up and swallowed it whole. This time it went down easily without water. And as it did the clouds blocked out the light once again and the sun began to set much faster. He could once again hear the bats tapping on the window. The songs were his again. The world was his again… no heart was safe. Thank god The Doctor had given him these pills.

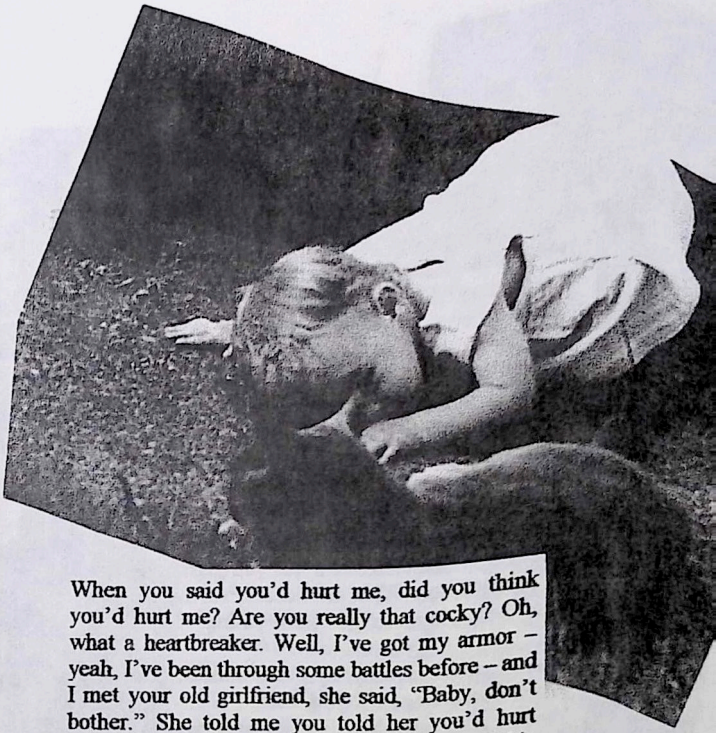
-Peter Wentz, *The Boy With the Thorn In His Side.*

"Inmates"

When you said you loved me, did you really love me or did the words just spill out like drool on my pillow? 'Cause I was naked when you said those words, but I felt covered in your whispered worship. And as you passed out fast on my shoulder, I imagined a child waiting so sad and still for his mom to arrive. Did she leave you an orphan, in that big, brown leather chair? Said, "Don't you move a muscle, kid, I'll be back in twenty years." You were scared, you were lonely, but you must've been aware; life is a series of calluses, this is just another layer. So, build them up, tough it out, yeah, that's your skin – don't let anyone under there.

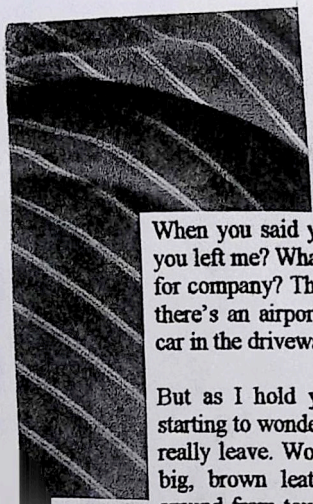
When you said you needed me, did your really need me or was it just someone – oh, you'd take anything. Am I first on that list of yours, or am I second or third? So, who's that ahead of me, some harlot from Pittsburgh? Or Detroit, Santa Fe, or San Diego? I know you're so alone, but how much affection does one guy really need?

Did you date a lot in high school? Were you always chasing girls? Couldn't you find some young valentine to steal your heart for good? Were you content, or contemptible? Are your memories pleasant, or is it a string of endless flings – of bitter resentment. Seems that what you want and what you need doesn't mean a thing, we're just here for the taking.



When you said you'd hurt me, did you think you'd hurt me? Are you really that cocky? Oh, what a heartbreaker. Well, I've got my armor – yeah, I've been through some battles before – and I met your old girlfriend, she said, "Baby, don't bother." She told me you told her you'd hurt her… funny, how familiar. So, how much of this relationship was rehearsed?

Did you act out as a child? Were you always crying wolf? Attention-starved, you tried too hard just to get someone to look. Now you're the wolf in second-hand clothing, I'm the sheep in a pleated skirt. It's an awkward form of payback, but if it works for you – it works. It's that I recognize your off-white lies, still, I lie beside you - and that's what really hurts. →

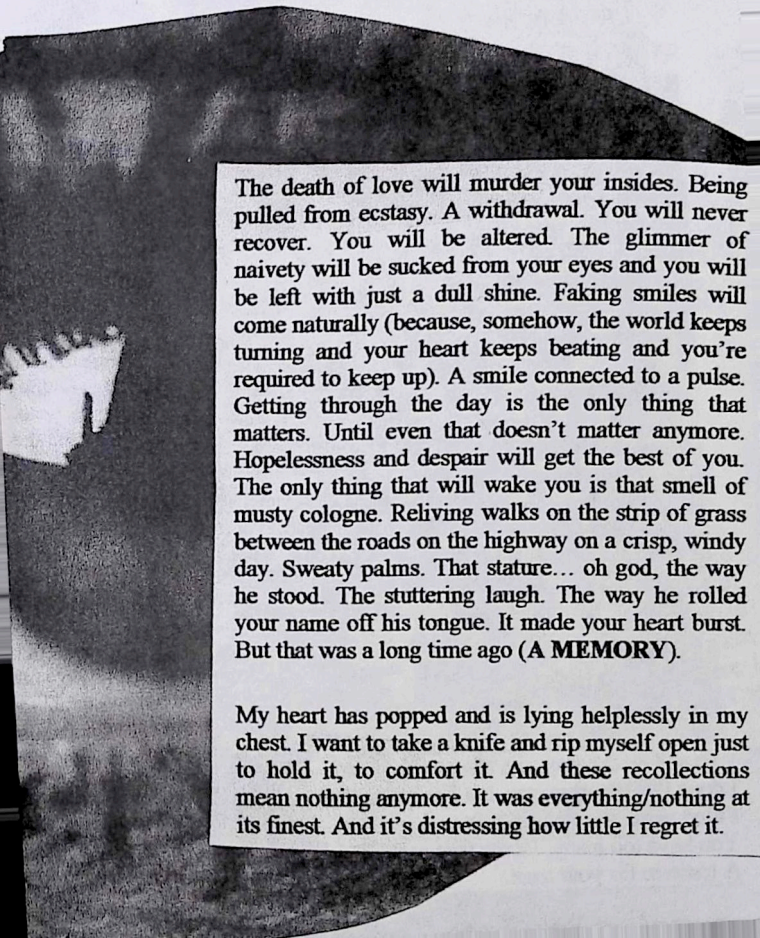


When you said you'd leave me... well, why haven't you left me? What are we still doing here, so desperate for company? There's a greyhound on Jackson Street, there's an airport in Council Bluffs... hell, there's a car in the driveway – fifty ways to get lost.

But as I hold you and listen to you sleeping I'm starting to wonder if you really believe that you'd ever really leave. Would you leave me, an orphan, in that big, brown leather chair? The one you've lugged around from town to town for all these years. It's the trophy of your childhood, like a shark's tooth or gator skin boots – but this one holds you prisoner – it holds me prisoner too. What we need to set us free is to let go of each other – let go of everything.

When I said I loved you, it was because I loved you. When I said I needed you, well, I really needed you. Yeah, I guess you hurt me; for once you're a man of your word. Well, guess what – I'm leaving – I can't be your prisoner. I won't.

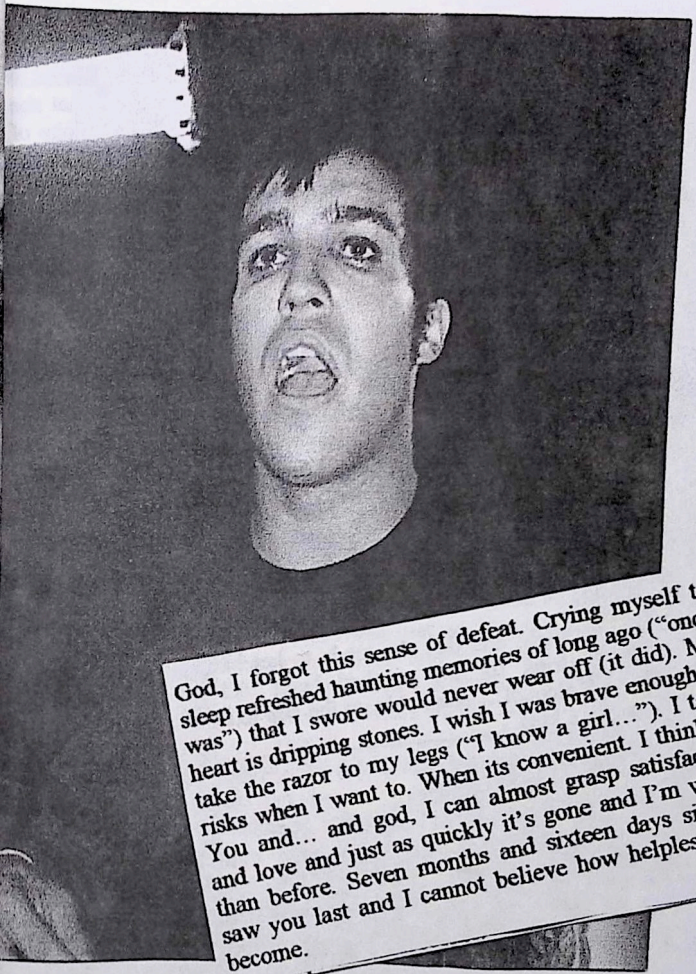
-The Good Life.



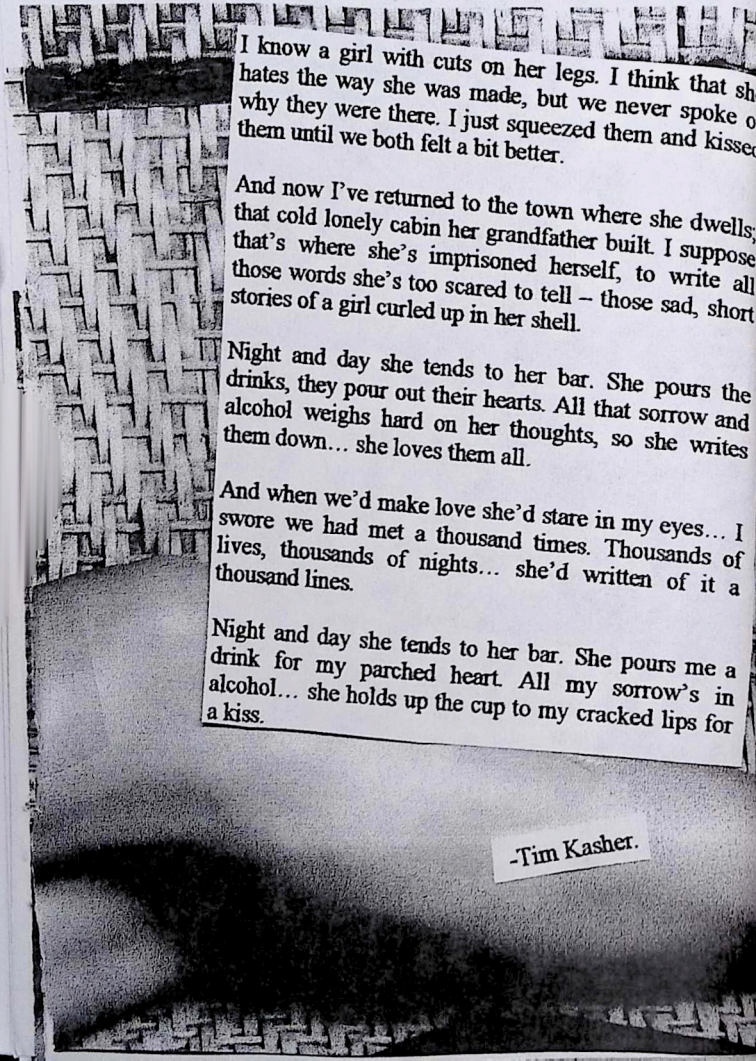
The death of love will murder your insides. Being pulled from ecstasy. A withdrawal. You will never recover. You will be altered. The glimmer of naivety will be sucked from your eyes and you will be left with just a dull shine. Faking smiles will come naturally (because, somehow, the world keeps turning and your heart keeps beating and you're required to keep up). A smile connected to a pulse. Getting through the day is the only thing that matters. Until even that doesn't matter anymore. Hopelessness and despair will get the best of you. The only thing that will wake you is that smell of musty cologne. Reliving walks on the strip of grass between the roads on the highway on a crisp, windy day. Sweaty palms. That stature… oh god, the way he stood. The stuttering laugh. The way he rolled your name off his tongue. It made your heart burst. But that was a long time ago (**A MEMORY**).

My heart has popped and is lying helplessly in my chest. I want to take a knife and rip myself open just to hold it, to comfort it. And these recollections mean nothing anymore. It was everything/nothing at its finest. And it's distressing how little I regret it.

...oh and by the way, it's okay to be weak.
I don't like you that way, but I'm always here.
Filled with tears and bruises.
You have too many, let me take some.
A trade-in for your trust.



God, I forgot this sense of defeat. Crying myself to sleep refreshed haunting memories of long ago ("once was") that I swore would never wear off (it did). My heart is dripping stones. I wish I was brave enough to take the razor to my legs ("I know a girl…"). I take risks when I want to. When its convenient. I think of You and… and god, I can almost grasp satisfaction and love and just as quickly it's gone and I'm worse than before. Seven months and sixteen days since I saw you last and I cannot believe how helpless I've become.



I know a girl with cuts on her legs. I think that sh
hates the way she was made, but we never spoke o
why they were there. I just squeezed them and kisse
them until we both felt a bit better.

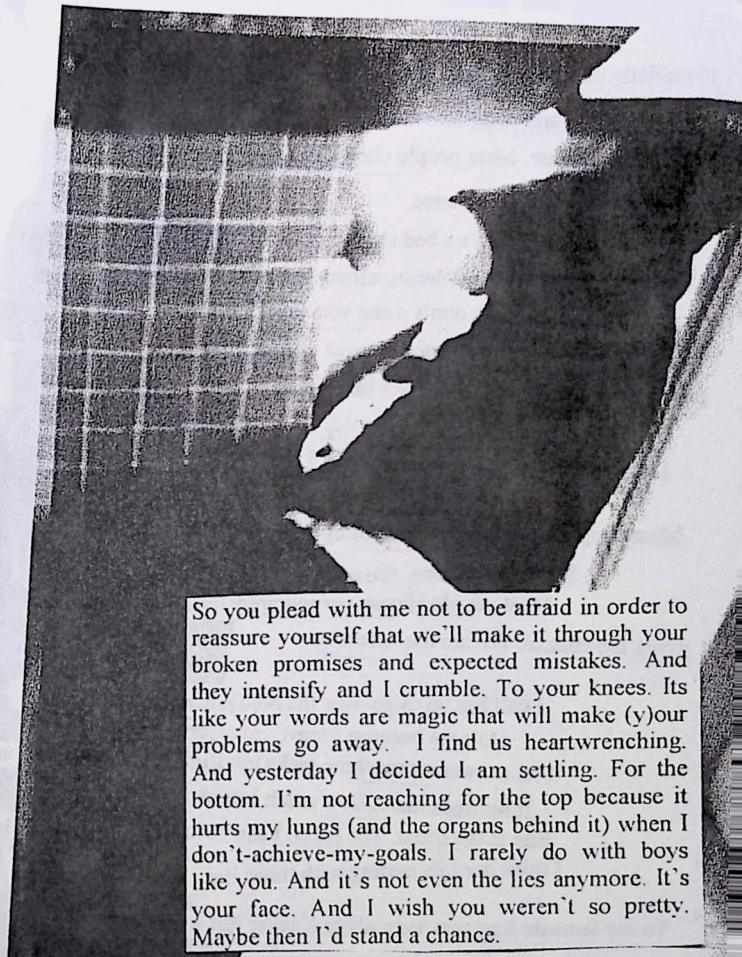
And now I've returned to the town where she dwells;
that cold lonely cabin her grandfather built. I suppose
that's where she's imprisoned herself, to write all
those words she's too scared to tell – those sad, short
stories of a girl curled up in her shell.

Night and day she tends to her bar. She pours the
drinks, they pour out their hearts. All that sorrow and
alcohol weighs hard on her thoughts, so she writes
them down… she loves them all.

And when we'd make love she'd stare in my eyes… I
swore we had met a thousand times. Thousands of
lives, thousands of nights… she'd written of it a
thousand lines.

Night and day she tends to her bar. She pours me a
drink for my parched heart. All my sorrow's in
alcohol… she holds up the cup to my cracked lips for
a kiss.

-Tim Kasher.



So you plead with me not to be afraid in order to reassure yourself that we`ll make it through your broken promises and expected mistakes. And they intensify and I crumble. To your knees. Its like your words are magic that will make (y)our problems go away. I find us heartwrenching. And yesterday I decided I am settling. For the bottom. I`m not reaching for the top because it hurts my lungs (and the organs behind it) when I don`t-achieve-my-goals. I rarely do with boys like you. And it`s not even the lies anymore. It`s your face. And I wish you weren`t so pretty. Maybe then I`d stand a chance.

Phenylethylamine (PEA), the chemical responsible for the swooning and feelings of adoration, is structurally similar to cocaine. Most people choose cocaine over love when given the chance.

I wouldn't say that's a bad choice.

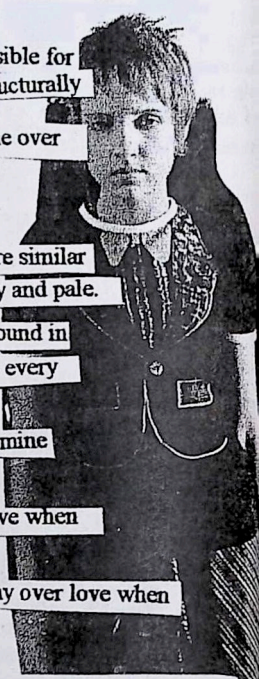
The endorphins released during infatuation are similar to heroin; only they don't make you skinny and pale.

Oxytocin, "the cuddling hormone" most often found in new mothers and newlyweds, are like ecstasy - every touch feels a bit tinglier.

Love exists in a bottle. In a syringe. I want mine diluted with water.

Most people would choose gambling over love when given the chance. We are the rat.

Most people choose pornography over love when given the chance. We are the cave-man.



I call her up to go over the blue prints for a miniature Atlanta because I crave catastrophe.

Her answering machine picks up. Right now I hate her voi

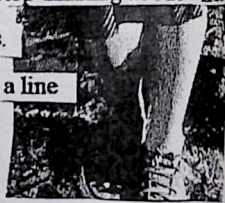
It reminds me of how much I think about her.

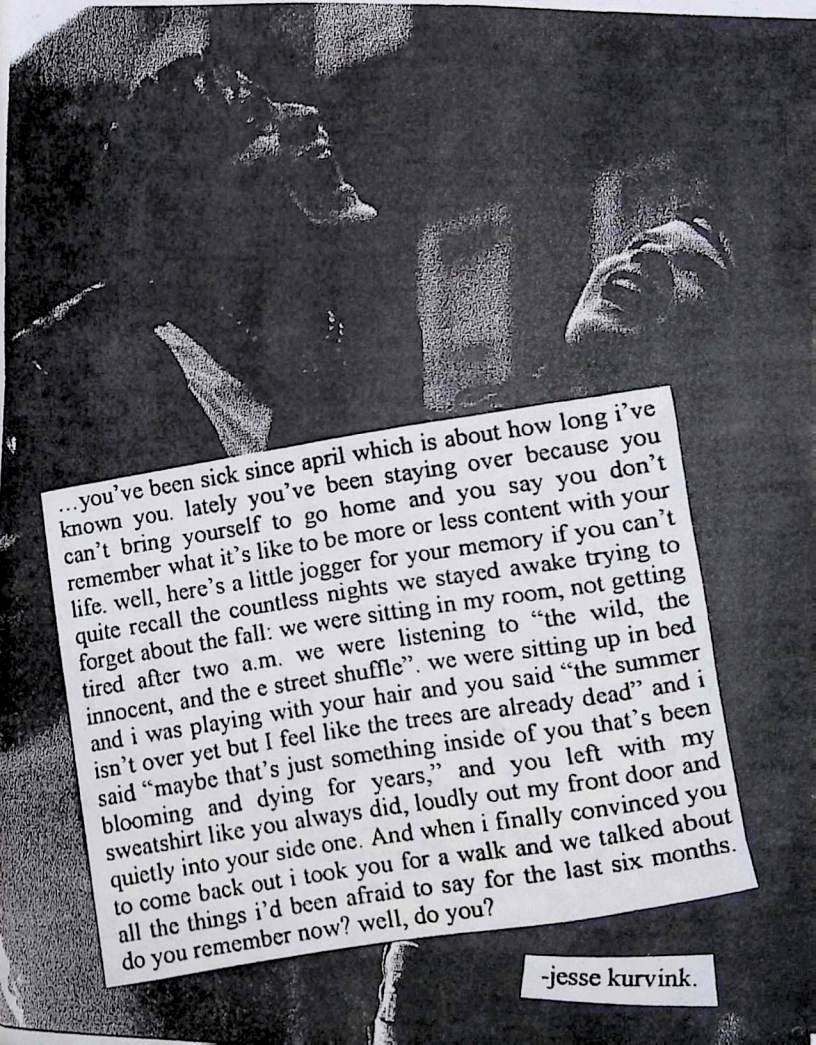
She is the fraud. The faker. I can't stop thinking about her

I miss her lips curling with those lies.

To my favorite liar: you were always/never just a line in a song.

-Peter Wentz.

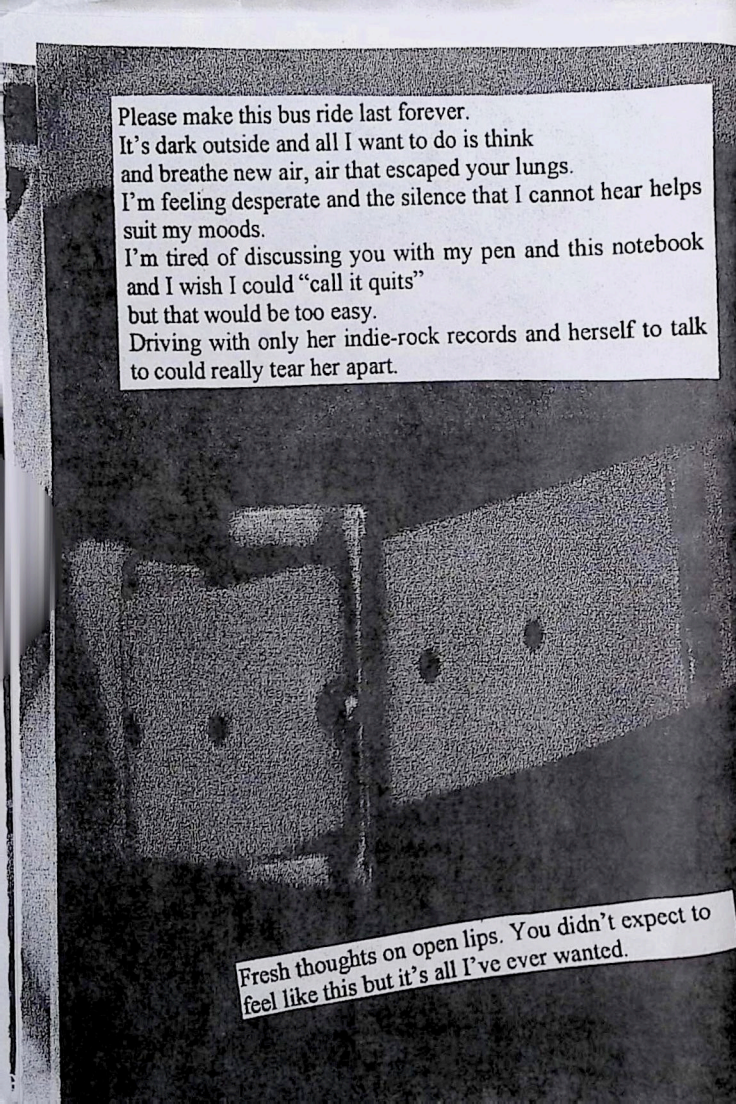




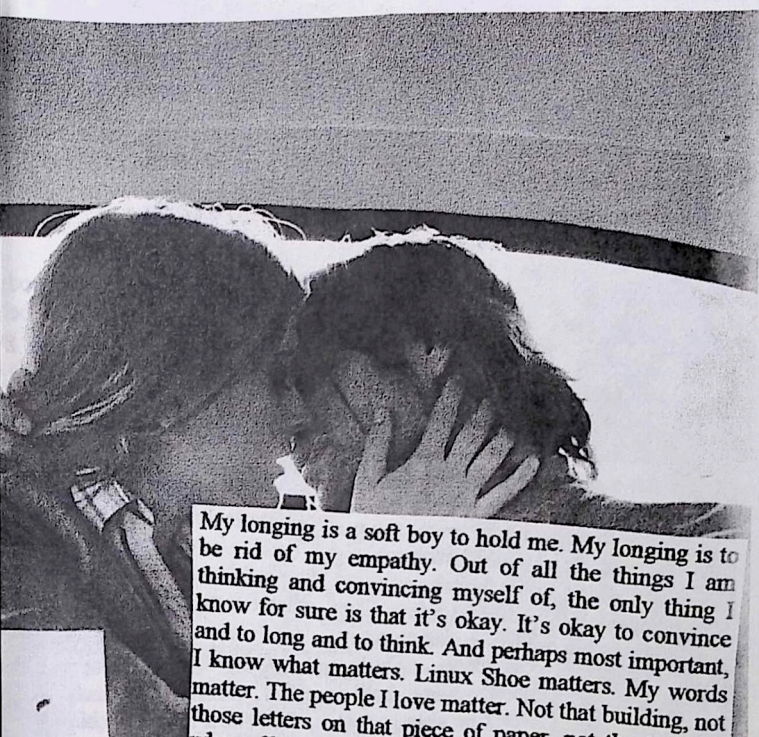
...you've been sick since april which is about how long i've known you. lately you've been staying over because you can't bring yourself to go home and you say you don't remember what it's like to be more or less content with your life. well, here's a little jogger for your memory if you can't quite recall the countless nights we stayed awake trying to forget about the fall: we were sitting in my room, not getting tired after two a.m. we were listening to "the wild, the innocent, and the e street shuffle". we were sitting up in bed and i was playing with your hair and you said "the summer isn't over yet but I feel like the trees are already dead" and i said "maybe that's just something inside of you that's been blooming and dying for years," and you left with my sweatshirt like you always did, loudly out my front door and quietly into your side one. And when i finally convinced you to come back out i took you for a walk and we talked about all the things i'd been afraid to say for the last six months. do you remember now? well, do you?

-jesse kurvink.

Please make this bus ride last forever.
It's dark outside and all I want to do is think
and breathe new air, air that escaped your lungs.
I'm feeling desperate and the silence that I cannot hear helps suit my moods.
I'm tired of discussing you with my pen and this notebook and I wish I could "call it quits"
but that would be too easy.
Driving with only her indie-rock records and herself to talk to could really tear her apart.



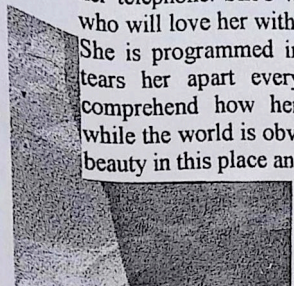
Fresh thoughts on open lips. You didn't expect to feel like this but it's all I've ever wanted.



My longing is a soft boy to hold me. My longing is to be rid of my empathy. Out of all the things I am thinking and convincing myself of, the only thing I know for sure is that it's okay. It's okay to convince and to long and to think. And perhaps most important, I know what matters. Linux Shoe matters. My words matter. The people I love matter. Not that building, not those letters on that piece of paper, not the teachers who yell, not the teachers who tape pictures of pretty blonde girls to their podiums, not the crackly voice on the PA, not the scores from the "state," not the stupid girls or the angry boys. As simple as this may be, I sit and cry because no one else will know this for a very, very long time.... I know a billion other truths and philosophical ramblings... But what do I really know? Nothing.... I am a girl in a pretty little public high school in a pretty little house in a pretty little neighborhood. What do I know?

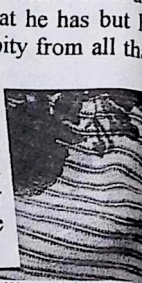
-Zoe Trope.

There's nothing worse than the silent rejection of her telephone. She's waiting for calls from boys who will love her with their teeth and her tongue. She is programmed in the void of his heart. It tears her apart every night. And she cannot comprehend how her heart keeps on beating while the world is obviously stopping. There's no beauty in this place anymore.



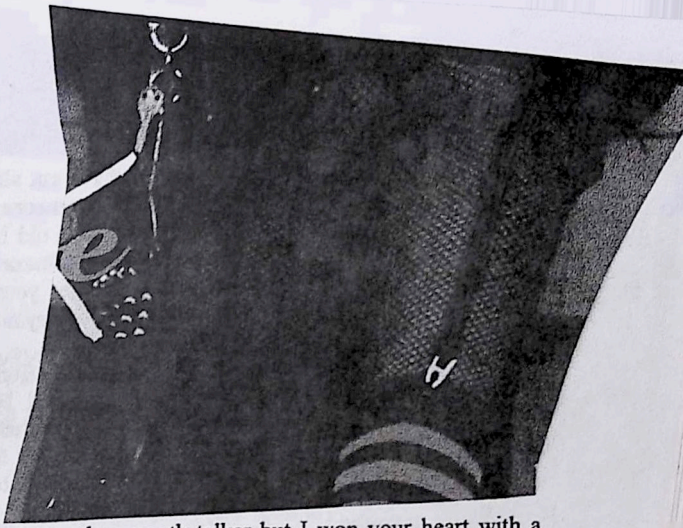
He's never alone. There's always someb
prove him wrong and he's always a step
them. And this broken home does him n
and he's feeling quite useless. He lost it a
he doesn't realize (who) what he has but
scared to lose it. He wants pity from all th
give it.

After days of pacing, he gives her his heart and says, "Here, take it." She said it was too bloody and that she'd wait for it (she was told not to do it and she's actually listening). He is craving what he didn't know he was missing. She will never again follow her instincts. They want the same thing but are too scared to get it.

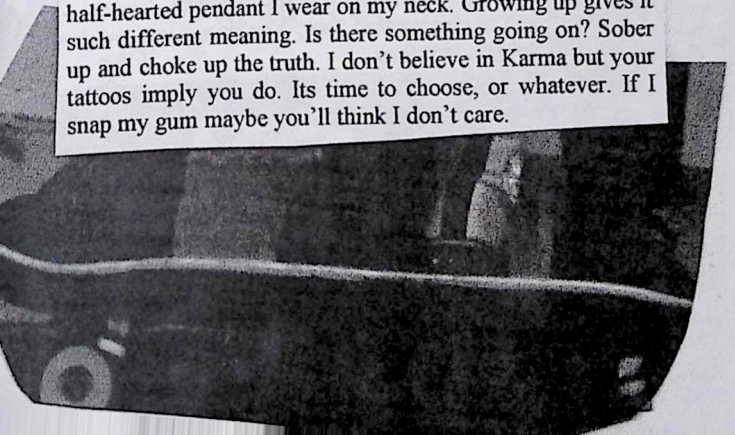


On these tight-lipped nights, she'll whisper goodbye and he'll kiss her goodnight, but she won't be able to feel it. And she'll never tell him why she's this way. He ignores the pleading in her young hazel eyes as he kisses her goodnight... as he kisses her goodnight... as he kisses her goodnight, she won't be able to feel it. With a silent defeat, they both go to their homes and sit by the phone and oh, she is dying to be loved and his world rotates on an axis of regret.

There's no beauty in this place anymore.
There's no beauty in this place anymore.
There's no beauty in this place anymore.
They both want the same thing but are too s
to get it.



I was never the smooth talker but I won your heart with a mean riff. You kissed every callus and swore you'd change my life. They thought you were arrogant; I thought you understood. You did for a while and then you moved on. Moved on to bigger and better, to the girl who gave me the half-hearted pendant I wear on my neck. Growing up gives it such different meaning. Is there something going on? Sober up and choke up the truth. I don't believe in Karma but your tattoos imply you do. Its time to choose, or whatever. If I snap my gum maybe you'll think I don't care.



You're trying to remember why you cut all your hair. Were you trying to be someone you weren't? You don't hang around the old haunts anymore, no, all of those bridges are burned. He doesn't like to share you – he likes your hair short. You're not you, you're not you anymore.

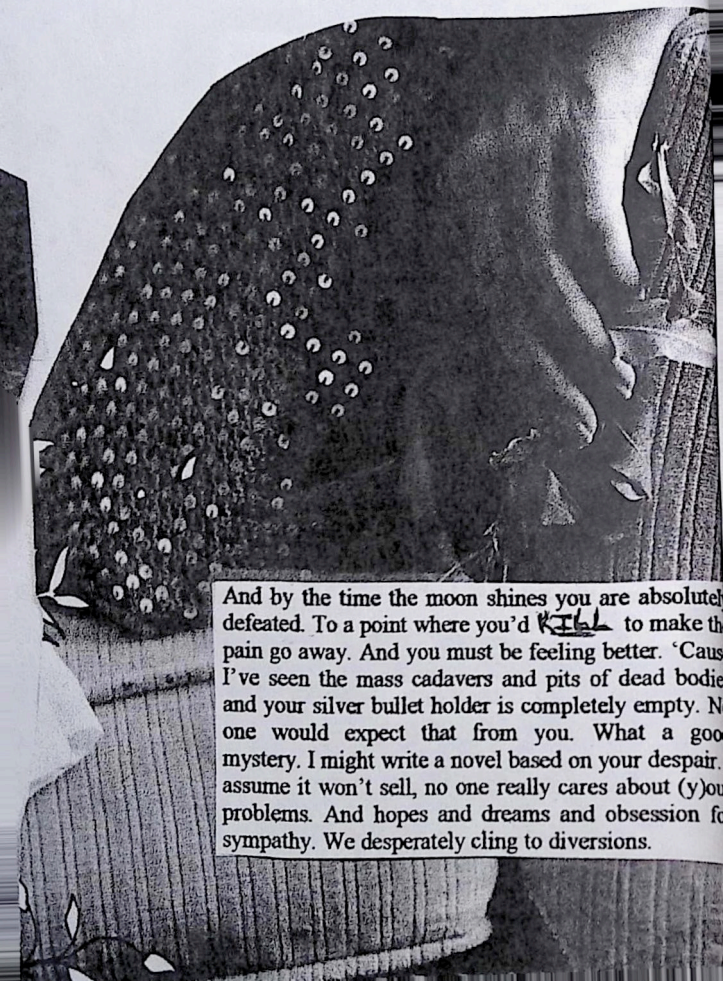
So, take off that necklace he stole from his mother, it doesn't mean what it meant before. Pack up your pictures and gather all your clothes, but leave that lingerie that he bought you on the floor. It made you so awkward, you felt like whore… you're not you, you're not you anymore.

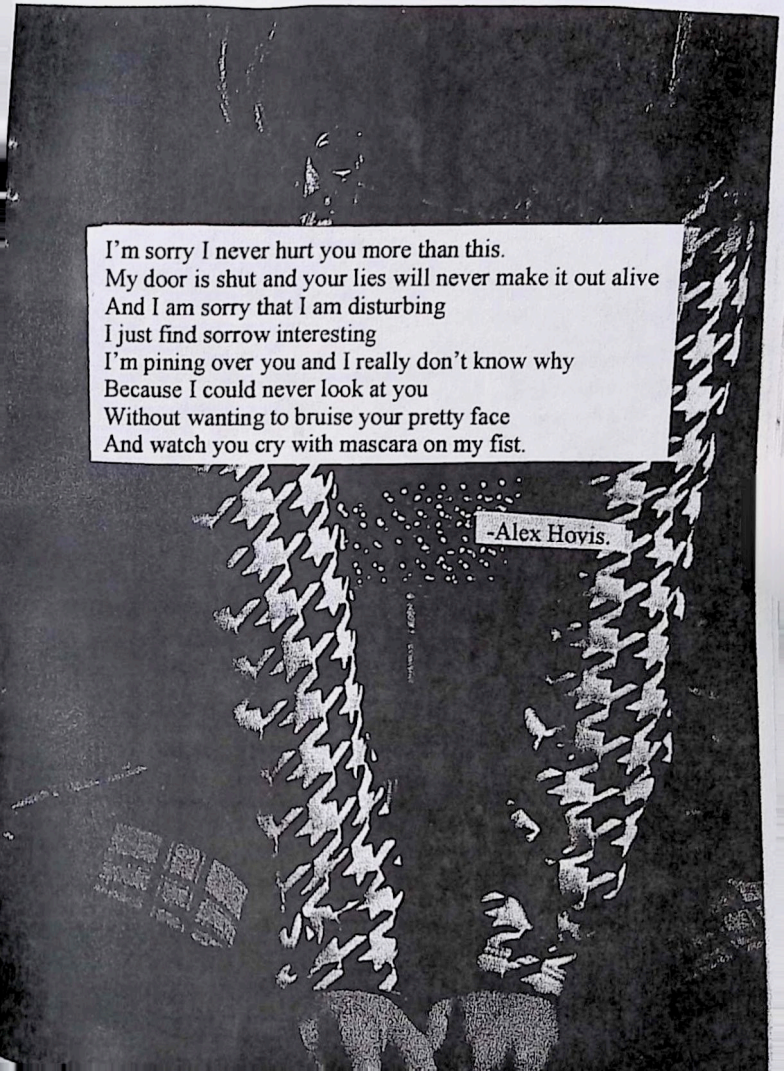
You need to be patient – the day is gonna come – you'll leave your old baggage behind. No more excuses, no more denial; you're tired and you're drawing the line. You're nobody's lapdog – you're closing that door. You're not you, you're not you anymore.

-Tim Kasher.

You know what it is that you want you're just afraid to admit it because you're afraid of failing. Fuck that. Fuck your fear. You know what you want which is a hell of a lot more than most other people so don't be afraid or ashamed just go out & fucking get it.

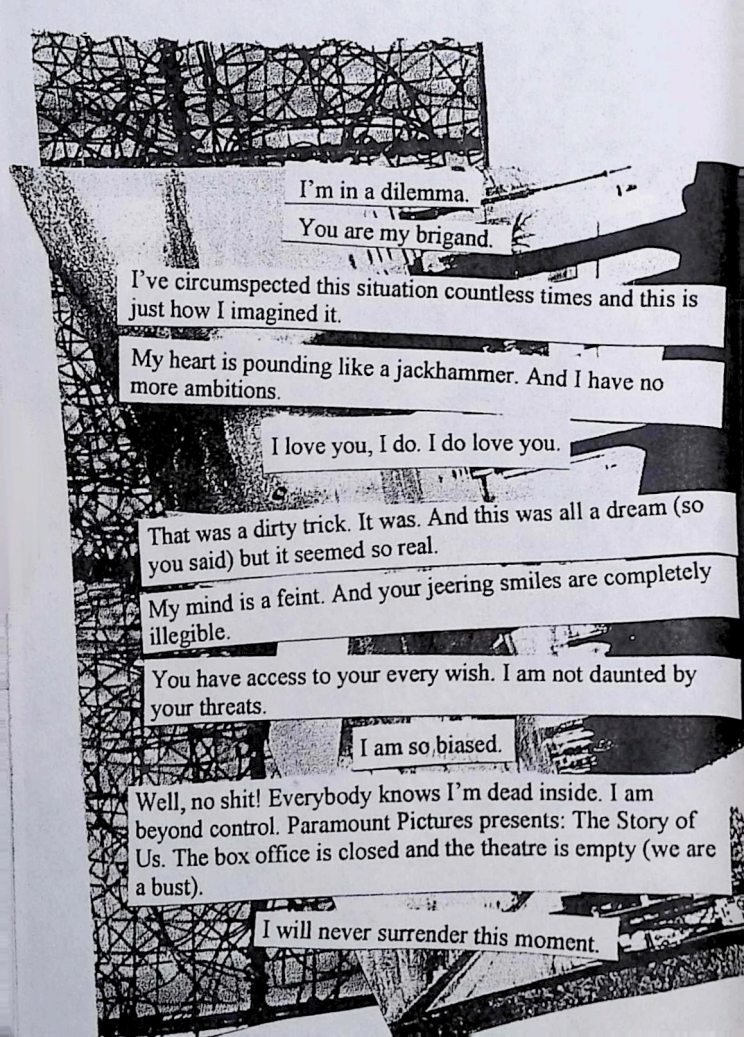
FOUND by Dan Miller, Chicago, Illinois, early September 2002 at the Rockwell El stop.

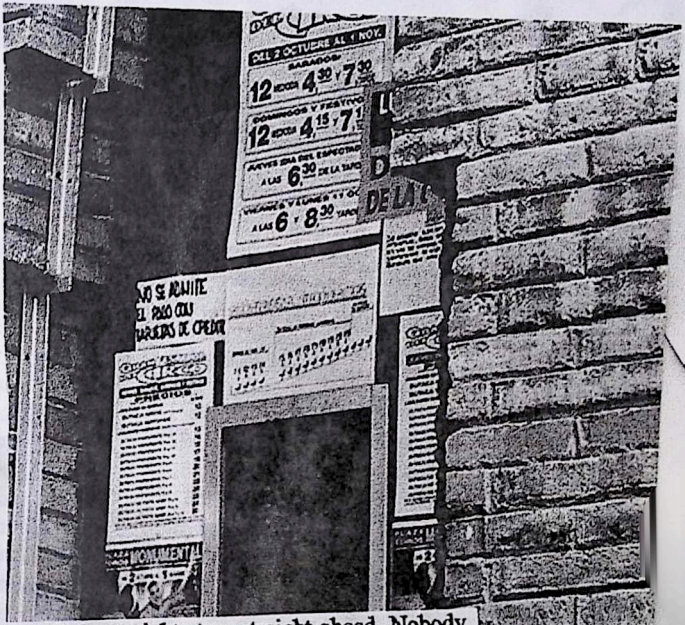

And by the time the moon shines you are absolutel
defeated. To a point where you'd Kill to make th
pain go away. And you must be feeling better. 'Caus
I've seen the mass cadavers and pits of dead bodie
and your silver bullet holder is completely empty. N
one would expect that from you. What a goo
mystery. I might write a novel based on your despair.
assume it won't sell, no one really cares about (y)ou
problems. And hopes and dreams and obsession fo
sympathy. We desperately cling to diversions.



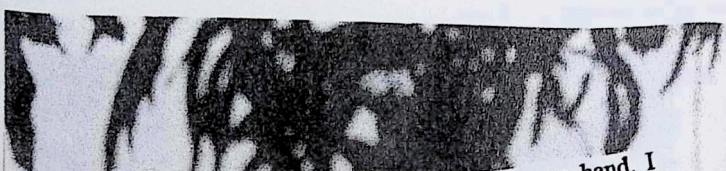
I'm sorry I never hurt you more than this.
My door is shut and your lies will never make it out alive
And I am sorry that I am disturbing
I just find sorrow interesting
I'm pining over you and I really don't know why
Because I could never look at you
Without wanting to bruise your pretty face
And watch you cry with mascara on my fist.

-Alex Hovis.


I'm in a dilemma.
You are my brigand.
I've circumspected this situation countless times and this is just how I imagined it.
My heart is pounding like a jackhammer. And I have no more ambitions.
I love you, I do. I do love you.
That was a dirty trick. It was. And this was all a dream (so you said) but it seemed so real.
My mind is a feint. And your jeering smiles are completely illegible.
You have access to your every wish. I am not daunted by your threats.
I am so biased.
Well, no shit! Everybody knows I'm dead inside. I am beyond control. Paramount Pictures presents: The Story of Us. The box office is closed and the theatre is empty (we are a bust).
I will never surrender this moment.



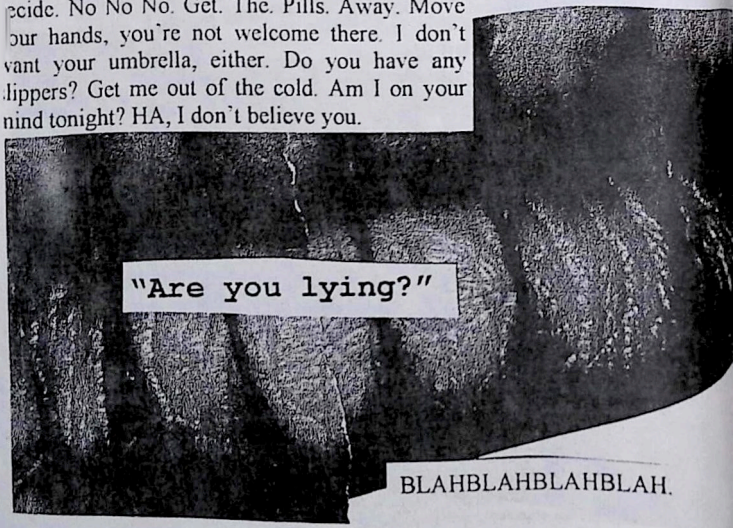
Straight straight straight stare straight ahead. Nobody looks into empty eyes. I'm chasing and wanting but never getting. If I got what I wanted I think boredom would wring my neck faster than your flashy teeth. I am a brilliant fighter because I have no armor. You'd collapse before the starting line. I've been running laps for years now. Beat that. I always end up on top.

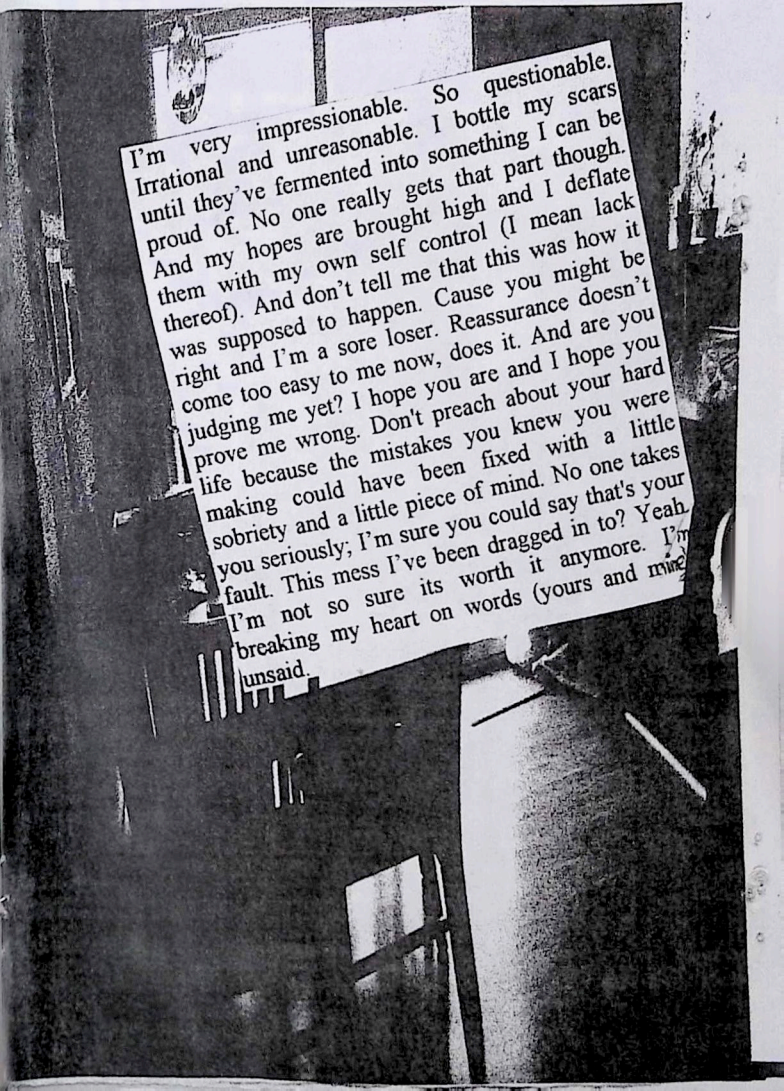


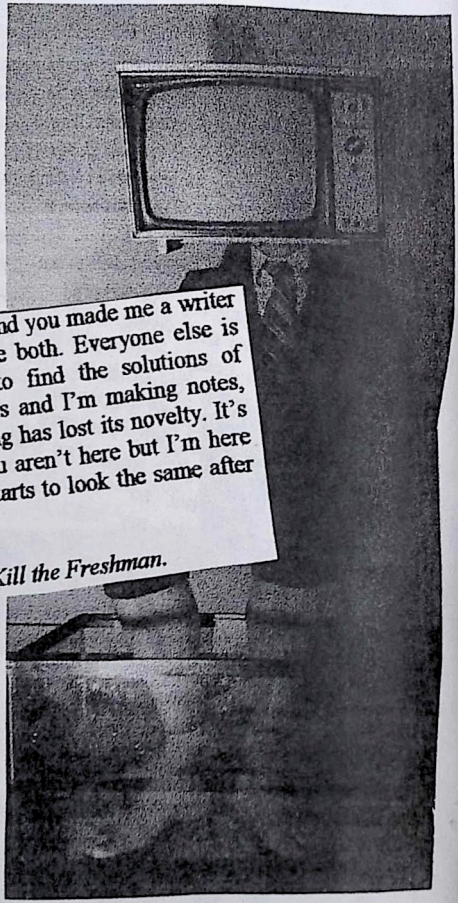
If it makes you less sad, I will die by your hand. I hope you find out what you want. I already know what I am. And if it makes you less sad, we'll start talking again. And you can tell me how vile I already know that I am. I'll grow old and start acting my age. I'll be a brand new day in a life that you hate. A crown of gold and a heart that's harder than stone. And it hurts a whole lot, but it's missed when it's gone. Call me a safe bet, but I'm betting I'm not. I'm glad that you can forgive, I'm only hoping as time goes that you can forget. If it makes you less sad, I'll move out of the state. You can keep to yourself, I'll keep out of your way. And if it makes you less sad, I'll take your pictures all down. Every picture you paint, I will paint myself out. It's cold as a tomb, and it's dark in your room when I sneak to your bed to pour salt in your wounds. So call it quits, or get a grip. Say you wanted a solution, but you just wanted to be missed. Call me a safe bet, but I'm betting I'm not. I'm glad that you can forgive, I'm only hoping as time goes that you can forget. You are calm and reposed. It lets your beauty unfold. Pale white like the skin stretched over your bones. Spring keeps you ever close. You are second hand smoke. You are so fragile and thin (standing trial for your sins), holding onto yourself the best you can. You are the smell before rain. You are the blood in my veins.

-Jesse Lacey.

Third time listening to the same sad song. Incomplete sentences seem to reassure me at. The moment. Suburbia fits me well. Ordinary ordinary ordinary. Graffitied junk yards. Give off an odd sense of security. Let's go there one day, okay? We'll take the train, cut school on a weekday. Rebellion. One step back, turn left. I mean right. Three minutes to your house and back. Forty minutes by foot. You drive, don't you? DMV, here you come. Action tonight. Ding-dong. I can barely hear you. You're right next to me and I see your lips move and your head shake but you're incomprehensible. Apprehensive much? My clothes are soaked. Take me someplace warm. This is beginning to feel like ordinary prose. Fiction or truth you decide. No No No. Get. The. Pills. Away. Move your hands, you're not welcome there. I don't want your umbrella, either. Do you have any slippers? Get me out of the cold. Am I on your mind tonight? HA, I don't believe you.

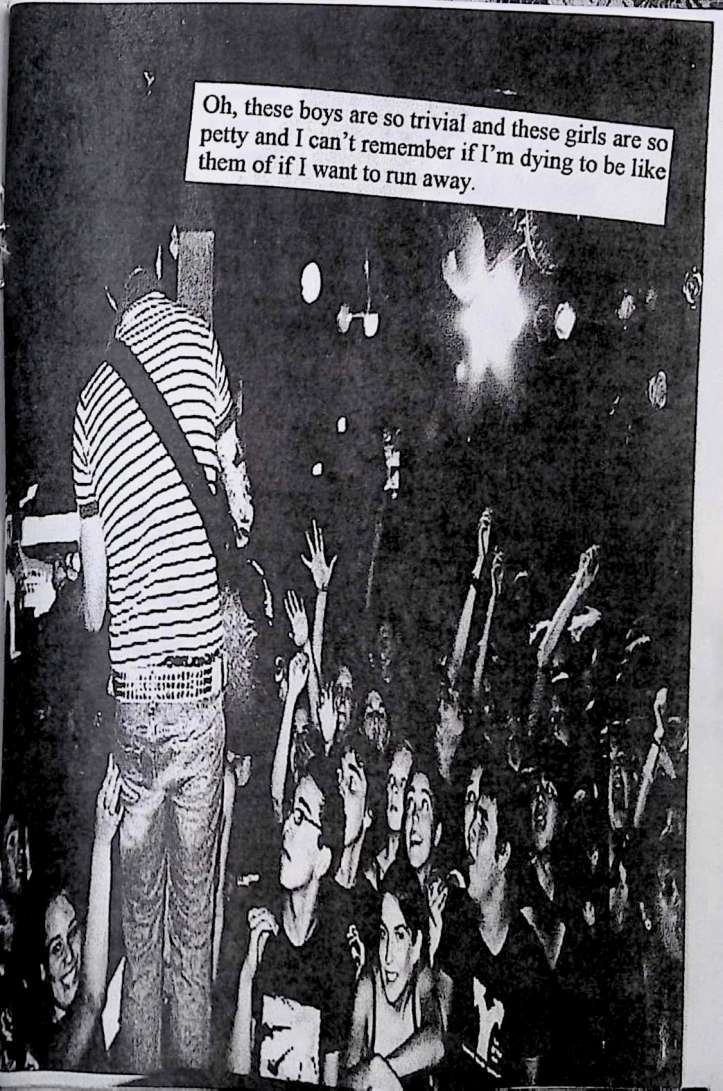



I'm very impressionable. So questionable. Irrational and unreasonable. I bottle my scars until they've fermented into something I can be proud of. No one really gets that part though. And my hopes are brought high and I deflate them with my own self control (I mean lack thereof). And don't tell me that this was how it was supposed to happen. Cause you might be right and I'm a sore loser. Reassurance doesn't come too easy to me now, does it. And are you judging me yet? I hope you are and I hope you prove me wrong. Don't preach about your hard life because the mistakes you knew you were making could have been fixed with a little sobriety and a little piece of mind. No one takes you seriously; I'm sure you could say that's your fault. This mess I've been dragged in to? Yeah. I'm not so sure its worth it anymore. I'm breaking my heart on words (yours and mine) unsaid.

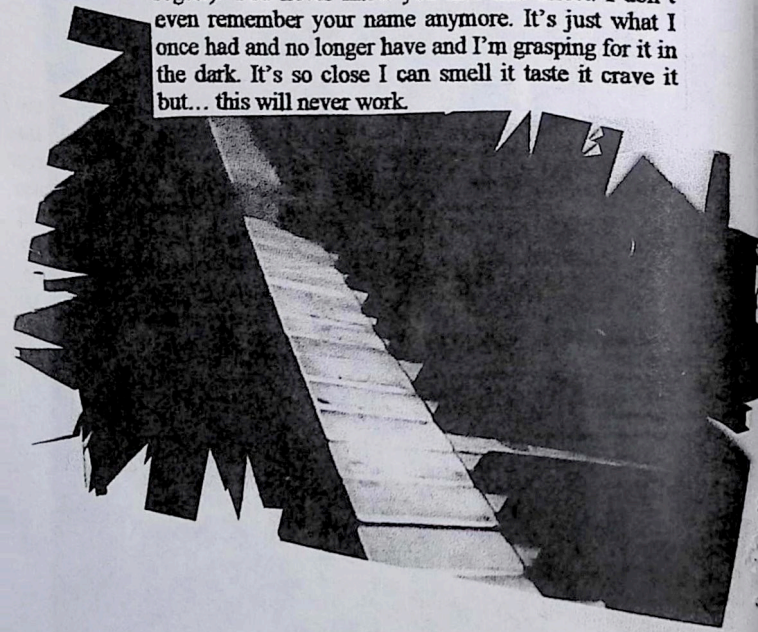


I was a high school student and you made me a writer and I don't know how to be both. Everyone else is trying to solve equations to find the solutions of reactions of pH with buffers and I'm making notes, falling asleep, and everything has lost its novelty. It's amazing to you because you aren't here but I'm here every day and everything starts to look the same after a while.

-Zoe Trope, *Please Don't Kill the Freshman.*


Oh, these boys are so trivial and these girls are so petty and I can't remember if I'm dying to be like them of if I want to run away.

"You can't make this up." I bet I could if I tried. Soft grass and broken cement. Moss is desirable at the moment. I wonder what someone "normal" would do in this situation. They wouldn't have pushed it this far, that's for sure. I'm buying a tape recorder this weekend, I heard they're on sale. I need your voice recorded and memorized. Cliché song lyrics and movie reviews don't settle my appetite. And don't think I'm starting up again. I never stopped. I don't want your body, but your beauty. The look of awe doesn't shock me (but I expected disappointment, or regret). You never knew you had this effect. I don't even remember your name anymore. It's just what I once had and no longer have and I'm grasping for it in the dark. It's so close I can smell it taste it crave it but... this will never work.



"Welcome to the New Romance."
Chris Gutierrez

Your ideas of beauty and romance are just plain boring and outdated.

The flowers: expensive, dead and cliché'. Ooh roses, you think that one up yourself? And your forced dates make more for awkwardness and ego-stroking than anything else. And when that boy you're in love with doesn't pay as much attention to you as he did in the beginning, yep, it means he doesn't love you as much as you love him. And chances are you won't live happily ever after. Because most of us don't. Don't believe me? Ask around.

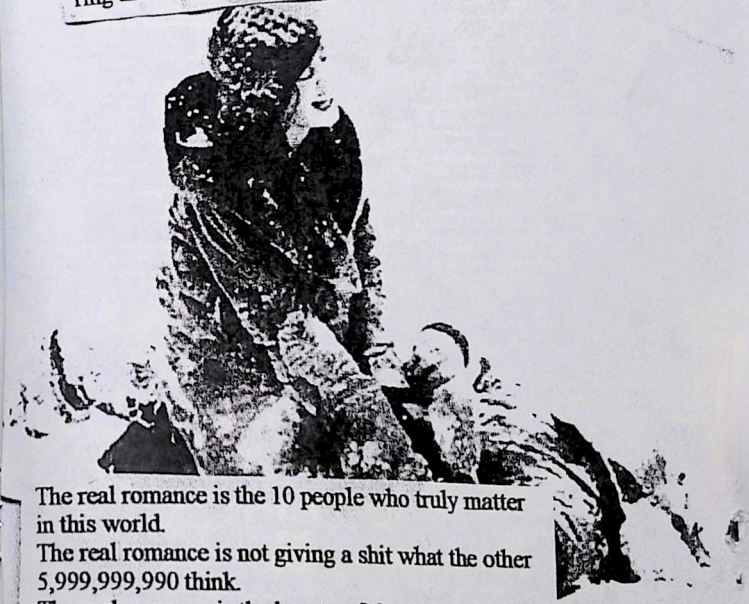
That whole saving yourself for marriage bit? Makes about as much sense as not test driving a car before you buy it. Wise up. And if you're still falling for the same 'I screech my tires, hey look what I can do/buy' dickhead, well then missy you deserve all the garbage he throws at you. Like spending five hundred bucks on a car and getting pissed when it craps out on you. Cause people are only as shitty as you let them be. Your ideas of romance are as worn out and warped as that old ass VHS porno you've been holding onto since 7th grade.

Everyone's done what you think you're the first to feel. →

Your prom, fuck it. Its not magical. Its $100 tux fees, $500 limos and throwing up in buckets at 2am. Losing your virginity that night? Way to wipe out any lick of spontaneity or romance from what's supposed to be the ultimate expression of love. Wearing your hair up? Yeah, only girls find this attractive. Same goes for your sick fake nails, no one's buying the 2 inch thick French manicure you paid far too much for, and good luck getting those things off. I'll be damned if I've EVER heard a guy say, "Damn dude, you see her nails? That's sooo hott." And long walks on the beach means sand in everything from your shoes to your car. Fuck sand.

But I'll tell you this, fuck if there's not more sincerity on a stage, along streetlights and parking meters or in a Denny's parking lot.
Staying up till its way too goddamn light outside, making out somewhere your parents don't want you to be.
This is the new romance.
It's first times on parents beds.
It's tripping her from behind.
It's stealing cars for sneak kisses.
It's 6 hour phone calls.
It's text messages.
It's telling your friends you love them.
It's reading someone to sleep.
It's video game tournaments with people you love the most.
It's getting her into the show for free.

It's stolen tulips from gardens.
It's being able to remember what you did last night.
It's having fun with sex.
It's clandestine and secret.
It's in late night bike rides.
It's the smell of sex on your fingers.
It's the split second your eyes meet hers when you're going down on her.
It's keeping your word.
It's breaking it off when its time.
It's spooning on the couch.
It's the energy in the air the 5 minutes before they ring that doorbell.



The real romance is the 10 people who truly matter in this world.
The real romance is not giving a shit what the other 5,999,999,990 think.
The real romance is the beauty of the fuck you.

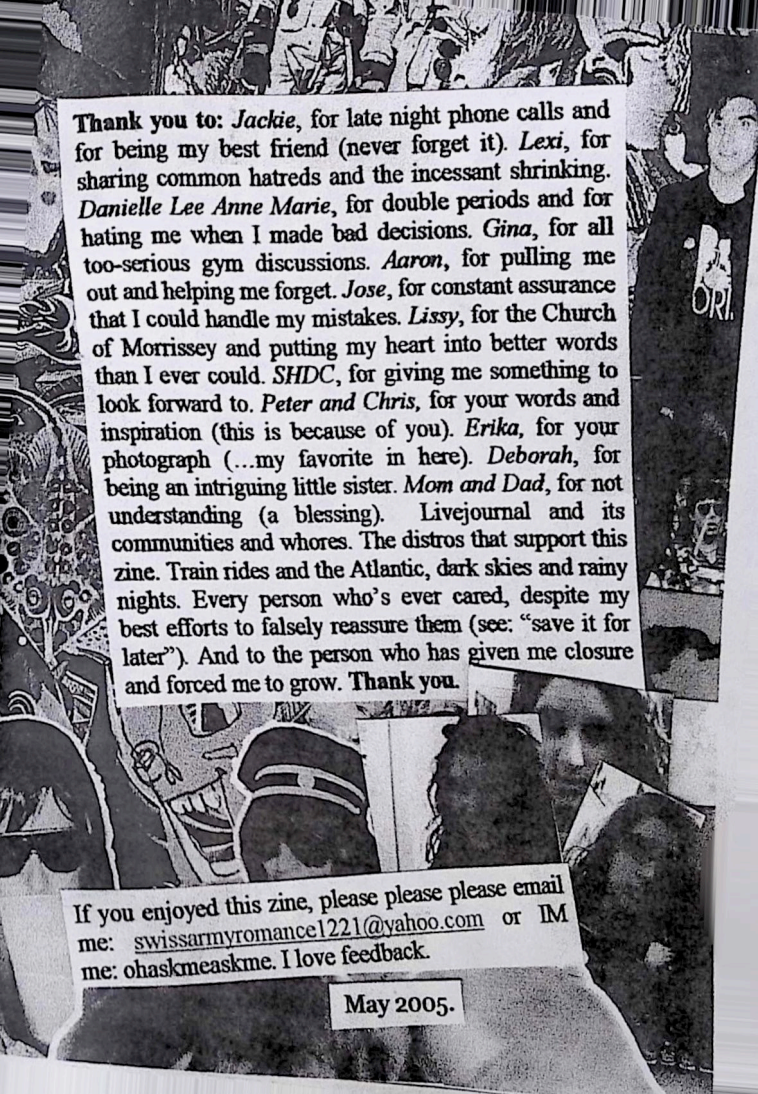
Musicians

Christopher Carrabba
Tim Kasher
Jesse Lacey
Chris Martin
Ian MacKaye
Morrissey
John Nolan

Conor Oberst
Patrick Stump
Blake Schwarzenbach
Nick Thomas
Peter Wentz
Thom Yorke
Nicholas Ziemann

Zines

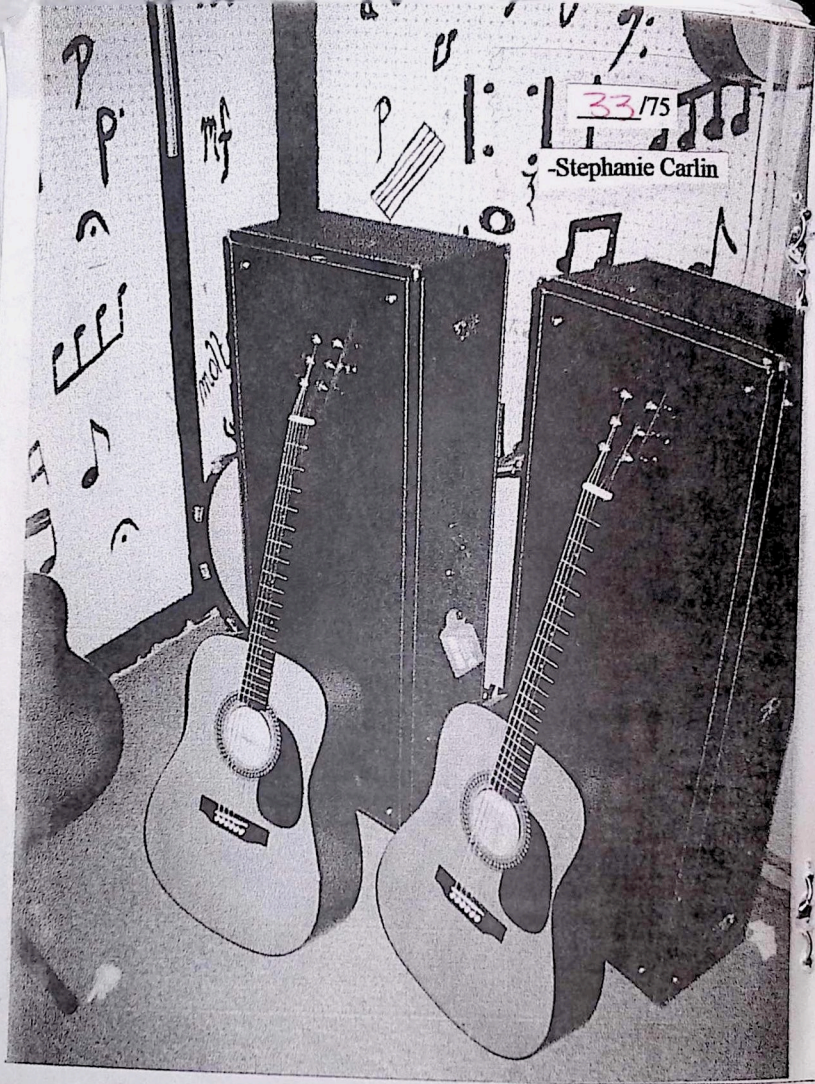
DEADXSTOP
The Heart Star
The Interview Was Literal
[List.]
Revolver, Dauphin
Smelling Trees



Thank you to: *Jackie*, for late night phone calls and for being my best friend (never forget it). *Lexi*, for sharing common hatreds and the incessant shrinking. *Danielle Lee Anne Marie*, for double periods and for hating me when I made bad decisions. *Gina*, for all too-serious gym discussions. *Aaron*, for pulling me out and helping me forget. *Jose*, for constant assurance that I could handle my mistakes. *Lissy*, for the Church of Morrissey and putting my heart into better words than I ever could. *SHDC*, for giving me something to look forward to. *Peter and Chris*, for your words and inspiration (this is because of you). *Erika*, for your photograph (...my favorite in here). *Deborah*, for being an intriguing little sister. *Mom and Dad*, for not understanding (a blessing). Livejournal and its communities and whores. The distros that support this zine. Train rides and the Atlantic, dark skies and rainy nights. Every person who's ever cared, despite my best efforts to falsely reassure them (see: "save it for later"). And to the person who has given me closure and forced me to grow. **Thank you.**

If you enjoyed this zine, please please please email me: swissarmyromance1221@yahoo.com or IM me: ohaskmeaskme. I love feedback.

May 2005.


33/75
-Stephanie Carlin